THE CHILD'S PAPER

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME

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For The Child's Paper.

WASHINGTON AT BOSTON.

Eighty-six years ago this month, Washington was eating baked apples and milk from his frugal table in the patriot camp at Cambridge. The English flag waved over Bunker-hill; Charlestown was in ashes; only a few black chimneys told where her cheerful homes once stood; Boston was filled with English troops, commanded by General Howe, with a plenty of arms and ammunition; the town was forsaken by its best families; the "Old South," a church dear to the people, was used as a stable, while the "North" was cut up for firewood. General Howe was in high spirits; holding Boston, he held the key of the country, as he thought; and the key in his hand, he could use it at pleasure.

The patriot army were hanging on the rear. Its rude tents dotted Cambridge. The English laughed at their motley look, made up as they were of boards, old sails, turf, stone, and brush. Horses were grazing in the cornfields, and fine farms were given up to drilling-grounds. Farmers, suddenly turned soldiers, made an awkward appearance on parade; but pluck and principle cover many deficiencies. That was a great day when a thousand bush-fighters and hunters from Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania arrived at the camp, with their sharp-shooting experience and well-burnished rifles.

Powder was scarce. Washington was startled one morning by the news that there were but nine cartridges to each man. Had General Howe known that, a charge from Boston might have destroyed them all. Washington sent for powder far and near. Knox, once a flourishing bookseller at Boston, who perilled his fortunes for the cause of liberty, offered to go to the frontier forts in quest of some. He was told to leave with all dispatch, and Washington, pleased with his military ardor, soon sent a colonel's commission after him. Somebody describing the winter, which proved to be a mild one, says, "Every thing thaws but old Put. He is still as hard as ever, crying out for 'Powder, powder, powder. Give me powder.'" This was brave old General Putnam, who years before fought the wolf in his den.

The winter wore away. Without ammunition, Washington's hands were tied. To fight was impossible. All he could do was to cut off the enemy's supplies and be patient. His orders show how solemnly and anxiously he felt. He forbade all playing at cards or other games in the camp. "At this time of public distress," he says, "men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country, without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality. It is a noble cause we are engaged in; it is that of virtue and mankind. Every advantage of comfort to us and our posterity depend upon the vigor of our exertions. In short, freedom or slavery must be the result of our conduct. There can therefore be no greater inducement to men to behave well."

Meanwhile Boston itself was severely suffering from the blockade. Flour was scarce; vegetables were not to be had; fuel was short; and the small-pox had broken out. The gayety of the British officers sensibly declined; while the soldiers, in want of food and fire, began to plunder the people.

At length the American camp was gladdened by the return of Knox. Back he came from his wintry journey over snowy wastes and frozen lakes, with a long train of sledges drawn by oxen, bringing cannon, mortar, lead, flints, and ammunition. Thus reinforced, Washington resolved upon immediate action. To occupy Dorchester heights was the first step. These heights overlooked Boston. But there was a bright moon. How escape the eagle eye of English sentries? Putnam was sent to cannonade the opposite side of Boston, whose flash and roar and tumult and glare soon occupied the attention of all on ship and shore. A party of two thousand strong was sent to the heights. The dull sound of their pickaxes on the hard frozen ground, or the heavy rumbling of their three hundred wagons attracted no attention. Washington was on the spot, and the men worked as for their lives. It was a night of toil.

At dawn General Howe descried the forts looming up in the morning fog. He was amazed. "The Americans have done more work in one night than my whole army could have done in one month," cried he.

"Those forts command the town. We must drive them from their posts or abandon the town ourselves," cried another.

A tremendous cannonade was immediately opened from the Boston batteries and from the battleships in the harbor, and cannon ball, like hail, rolled and rattled round the heights. Washington was foremost, inspiring and cheering the men. At last the royal troops seemed to be in motion. Were they coming to attack the works? In case they did, the Americans had a large number of barrels filled with stones, sand, and gravel, piled in front, ready to roll down the hill and crush the advancing assailants. Towards evening their object was clear, for the boats were manned to bring them over; but a violent storm had set in, and a furious surf made a landing impossible. The storm lasted all the next day, which, while it effectually hindered the enemy, helped the patriots by giving them time to make good their stand; and when it cleared off, the forts were too strong to be taken.

What was to be done? British troops were no longer safe in Boston, British ships no longer secure in Boston harbor. A council of war was held. How mortifying to the pride of Howe to give up his key. But decamp he must, and that speedily. Twelve thousand soldiers, sailors, and refugees had to be shipped on board seventy vessels, taking with them all they could, and destroying all that must be left. Stores were broken open, goods taken, furniture defaced; artillery carts hacked in pieces, shells broken here, shots buried there, and for a few days every thing was hurry, disorder, confusion, and distress. At last they embarked and were under way, when General Putnam marched into the city and hoisted the stars and stripes. The next day Washington entered, joyfully welcomed; and soon those citizens who had fled into the country for safety crowded back to their old homes, meeting once more, with tears of gratitude and delight, dear friends and kindred from whom they had been long and painfully separated.

In Congress, John Adams moved a vote of thanks to the commander-in-chief, and a gold medal was ordered to be struck, commemorating the evacuation of Boston, stamped with Washington as its deliverer.

Then old Virginia and Massachusetts stood shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart in the great cause of liberty.

For The Child's Paper.

GOLD-APPLE WORDS.

There are some words, the Bible says, which are "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Many suppose this phrase would be better translated *baskets* of silver; but it does not matter much. The point is, that there are some words as precious and beautiful as gold apples in silver baskets. What words can they be? for there are many kinds—idle words, careless words, cross words, wicked words, words of counsel and of caution, parting words, flattering words. Ah, none of these; but, a "*word fitly spoken.*"

The gold-apple word then is a fit word. It fits the occasion. It fits the truth. Love and kindness fit it. What a precious word it must be. So it is.

A man in prison once fell sick. He was a very wicked man, a murderer, and the kind doctor who visited him tried to do something for his poor soul as well as his body. He asked pious friends also to call on the prisoner and talk with him. They tried to make him see his guilt in the sight of God, and the willingness of Christ to receive even the worst who come to him. Nothing, however, made any impression. He seemed completely hardened. By and by a good old man visited the cell; and this is the account the prisoner gave of it.

"Doctor," he said, when the doctor came in, "you don't understand how. You want to do good to our souls, but you don't go about it right. You keep saying, Repent, repent! just as if we didn't know that before. But that dear old man knew how. He came in and sat down right beside me. He looked good, and with an eye full of tenderness, he said to me, 'John, was n't it gracious goodness on the part of the Almighty that he should have loved *us* so much as to send his only-begotten and well-beloved Son into the world to save such sinners as you and *I*? Why, doctor, that word *I* killed me; it killed me dead. I could n't get over it, that that good man should put himself on the *same level with me*, a wicked murderer, neither fit to live nor fit to die. I cannot keep it out of my mind.'

He never could. It sunk deep. His heart was touched, and it ended in the poor man's fleeing to Christ for pardon. "Never," said the doctor, "did I witness a greater change than when poor John ——, the murderer, turned Christian and died so peaceably." Those were indeed "*fitly chosen,*" gold-apple words.

You remember Naaman the great Syrian general took captive a little Jewish maid, and he carried her home and gave her to his wife. The child did not forget her pious education, but she loved and feared God. Naaman was sick of a dreadful and dangerous disease. Nobody could help him. "Would God my lord was with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would cure him," said the little maid to her mistress. Her mistress told it to her husband, and Naaman took a journey to Samaria, and he saw the prophet of God, and he believed in his word and was healed. Those were gold-apple words of the little maid.

A poor woman lost her husband, and she took on piteously, afraid lest her little family might be pinched with want. "Is n't our heavenly Father living, mother?" asked her little son. Indeed he is. She forgot, but he remembered; and her little boy's gold-apple words comforted her.

Ah, they drop not from the wise and grown-up only. Small lips speak them, and they then seem sweeter than ever. We should try to have none others in our families. Home should be full of them. There is no other spot so full of opportunities for words of truth, of love, and of kindness. They fit everywhere, up stairs and down, in the kitchen and the parlor.

Scarce as gold is, and fruit also, we may each of us have our "apples of gold in silver baskets." They are beautiful and precious, "sweeter than honey or the honeycomb." Do not fail of a good supply, and give them to everybody as you have opportunity, dear child.

For The Child's Paper.

EMMA'S LESSON.

"Man's chief end is to glorify God, and enjoy him for ever." This was little Emma's lesson in the catechism. "But," said she, "there is nothing here for children to do. It is all man's. I suppose because we are not big enough."

The children are *not* left out. Oh no. To glorify God is to honor him. It is trying to please God. It is not hard to make people happy. That is just what little children can do.

Our doctor advertised for a boy. He was hard to suit. One boy after another went to live with him, and came off. At last James offered, the son of a pious widow. "You wont stay," said the other boys. "He is cross as old Patch." James was almost sorry he was going. He went, however, and I asked the doctor one day how he liked his new hand. "I would not part with him on any account; he does honor to his bringing up," said the doctor. You see his good behavior was a praise to this mother. In a like manner, the Christian conduct of a child may praise God—in other words, glorify him.

A little boy was once abused by a bad boy. He struck the little boy in his mouth, knocked out a tooth, and cut his lip. The little boy's father was very angry, and determined to give the bad boy a sound thrashing. "Please, daddy," said the little fellow, his lip smarting at every word, "*do n't* do it. Jesus forgave the cruel folks who crucified him, and I 'm sure I forgive Moses. Daddy, if *you could only get him to Sabbath-school.*" Do you not think the forgiving temper of this little Sabbath-school scholar was pleasing to God?

One day a party went down the harbor in a sail-boat. The weather was fine when they started. In the afternoon a black cloud arose, the thunder rolled, and the lightnings flashed, occasioning great alarm among the ladies. One lady was more frightened than the rest. Her little daughter nestled towards her, taking her hand and looking up into her mother's face with a look of pity and surprise. "Mother," said she, "God is in the thunder. Can't we trust him when he speaks *loud* as when he speaks *easy?*"

"Yes, my child," replied the rebuked mother, with a tear in her eye; "and pray, Mary, that I may have the perfect trust of a little child."

How precious was little Mary's faith!

And it pleased God, because he loves to be trusted. His children trust him, and he wants every child to be *his* child; and therefore he sent his Son Jesus Christ to show you the temper and spirit which is dear to his heart. And when Jesus came, what did he say? He said, "Suffer *little children* to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Why, what are little children born for, if they are not born for God? Their mothers do not always expect to keep them. And if they grow up like his dear Son, lowly-minded, forgiving, patient, loving, and obedient, their early piety glorifies God; it honors and pleases him, and they answer the purpose they were made for, or their "chief end," as the catechism says.

So there *is* something for children to do. H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

KITTY AND THE VOICE.

Kitty was in Sabbath-school, and the superintendent was praying, when Mary Gay drew her notice, and slyly handed her some nuts and candy. Kitty glanced at the teacher, as much as to say, "If *she* do n't see." Her teacher's head was bowed in prayer. "Do not take them," whispered the still small voice within. "You came to Sabbath-school to feed your soul. Nuts and candy will take your mind from better things. Eat at home." Kitty listened, and minded. Then she shook a "No, no" to Mary, and the superintendent closing, she turned to her lesson.

The next day Mary was very cold to Kitty. Kitty spoke to her, and she hardly answered. Kitty was grieved, and wondered what it could be for. "Kitty King makes believe being very good," said Mary after school. "I expect she 'll soon think herself too good to play with common folks."

Kitty then remembered the nuts and candy at Sabbath-school, and was surprised and angry at Mary's ill-natured misconstruction of her conduct. "Why, Mary Gay, you bad thing, to call me a make-believe," cried Kitty impetuously. "You *are*," rejoined Mary, mockingly; "thinking yourself too good to take the nuts I gave you in the Sabbath-school. Catch me to offer you any more."

Kitty lifted her hand to strike Mary. "Stop," whispered the little voice; "return good for evil. That is our Lord's way." "Oh, I can't," thought Kitty passionately; "she 's wicked to say as she does." There was a confusion of voices in poor Kitty's soul, and she was all in a flutter. Resentment was loud and clamorous; Injured Pride spoke pretty high; Wounded Feeling was very sharp; the little Voice was almost drowned.

"I 'll never speak to you again, Mary Gay," cried Kitty, pulling from her arm a bag which Mary had given her in their better moments, and tossing it towards her. "Take your old bag." Kitty rushed for her bonnet, and made for home. On the way, the little Voice gained her ear. "Child," said the little Voice, "God knows all." "I know it," said Kitty, humbly; "but it 's hard to be called a make-believe." "Worse to *be one*," said the little Voice, "and it is always better to *suffer wrong* than to *do wrong*." "I know it," said Kitty. When she reached home, she and the little Voice went up into her chamber together, they two alone. One thing I know, the little girl humbly hearkened to its whispers.

In the afternoon, she went up to Mary at recess. "Mary," she said, "will you forgive me for getting so angry with you to-day? I am very sorry, and deserve to be called a make-believe, unless I behave better." Mary's heart was melted with shame and penitence. "Oh, Kitty," she cried, her voice choking. They could not talk about it, only kissed and made up.

"Mother," said Kitty that night, "how wise and good it was in God to give us the still small voice. I hear it clearer every day; and, mother, I am *so happy* when I mind it."

That still small voice is Conscience. H. C. K

For The Child's Paper.

A very sad thing happened the other day. A little girl got angry with her boot-strings. When she went to put on her boot, she found a hard knot, which she jerked and pulled until it became a great deal harder. "No matter," said her mother, "put on your shoes." "I hate my shoes," she answered angrily; "I shall wear my boots;" and away she tugged at the knot. As knots never yield to violent treatment, the child made no headway. She then caught the scissors, cut the string, and cut a great gash in the boot too. "Oh, my child, you did not do that on purpose, did you?" said her mother. "I did, I did it on purpose; the hateful old boot!" she cried, the veins of her forehead swollen with anger.

Breakfast was ready, and her mother well-knowing that was not the moment to correct her, left Bessie alone. Bessie did not appear at breakfast. After breakfast came morning worship. "Where is Bessie?" asked uncle Charles. Uncle Charles learning what the difficulty was, went to bring Bessie; for he hoped by this time the little girl had come to herself. She received him with a sullen scowl. And what do you think she said? "Get out, get out!" Uncle Charles was so surprised. Was *this* his pretty little Bessie? It was—and it was n't. Oh, if she had only yielded.

He left her, for the family were waiting, and they knelt around the family altar without her. Bessie edged out to the back door. Her brother James came along. "Oh, Bessie," he cried, "how can you behave so? You worry mother almost to death, and are enough to disgrace us all."

Bessie's eyes flashed. Quick as lightning, she gave him one push, and down he fell a flight of steps. "Oh!" he screamed. What a scene of confusion and distress followed.

The bad temper of a child hardly ever did a worse morning's work than that. Yet it is just what bad temper leads to. It makes a child unfilial to the best of parents, unkind to its brothers and sisters, selfish, cruel, and destructive. If you do not master it, it will surely master you; and Bad Temper is a *terrible master*.

For The Child's Paper.

"Father," said a boy to his profane father, who had just invoked a curse on his soul if he failed to win a bet—"father, are you willing God should take you at your word?"

"No," gasped the conscience-stricken man, "no, no." This question of his little son stuck to him all day. He could not saw it off, saw as fast as he would. Suppose the great God *should* take him at his word! He left off work at an early hour, in much distress of mind, and in the evening went to a little Methodist prayer-meeting in the neighborhood with the awful question still sticking into him. It was sharper than a two-edged sword. Then he stated his case, and begged his neighbors to pray for him. It ended in his conversion. The swearer turned believer. "Oh," he said, "the most powerful preaching I ever heard, was that anxious and solemn question of my little son."

For The Child's Paper.

HETTIE AND THE PEACH.

"Be a good girl, Hettie," said Mrs. Williams as she closed the door and passed into the street. "Yes, mamma," was the reply of a little girl of eight summers, left to take care of herself a while, as her mamma went to make calls.

By and by Hettie was alone, and she began to think it a good opportunity to take one of the peaches that had been put away till her brother Edward should return home from school. "It is true, papa gave me several when he brought them home, and I promised mamma not to touch any thing; but I shall take only *one*," argued the child; "nobody will know the difference; there will be a plenty left for Edward." Her first move was to look into the pantry; but not finding them, she opened a closet where her mamma kept china, and there found the fruit-dish with the peaches. A still small voice whispered, "*Don't touch them; it is wrong.*" But "*Only one,*" was the little girl's argument. So, climbing in a chair, her hand was raised to the bowl, when her foot slipped, and down came Hettie, fruit-dish, and peaches, all upon the floor.

She was too much hurt to get up immediately, and when she did, it was to see her mamma's china dish broken in pieces. What could she do? To tell a *lie* would be dreadful; besides, her parents would be sure to find it out, and then both the sin and disgrace would be upon her. "Oh that I had obeyed mamma, and kept my word too; then I should be so happy."

Hettie had scarcely gathered up the broken china when she heard footsteps in the hall. She closed the cupboard door, and seating herself, tried to appear composed. "Has any one been in?" asked Mrs. Williams. "No one," replied Hettie, still keeping her eyes fixed upon her doll's dress, which she was changing. It was nearly teatime, and the little girl trembled every moment lest something should call her mamma to the cupboard.

The afternoon wore away, tea was over, and no one discovered that a piece of china had been broken. But the longer the delay, the more uneasiness to Hettie; for her fault must come to light; it *must*, and it *would*. As she went to her room for the night, she attempted to pray as usual, but it gave her no relief; the consciousness of sin was upon her, and any effort to pray only brought what she had done more vividly before her. She sometimes felt for a moment that she would go to her mamma and tell her frankly all about it, and ask her forgiveness. But how could she acknowledge so naughty an act? She had not courage; she could not do *that*. She tried to sleep, but no pleasant dreams came to her relief. The sun had crept far in upon her pillow when she awoke, her head was aching, and the first thought that rushed over her mind was the broken fruit-dish. "All this suffering for *one* wrong act!" thought Hettie; and the unhappy little girl buried her face in her hands and wept.

By and by her face and hair were put in order, and with a faltering step she went down to the breakfast-room. The moment she opened the door, she saw from her mamma's countenance that the unfortunate affair of the peaches was discovered. Nothing was said for the time, and Hettie tried to eat her breakfast; but she had no relish for food. As they were leaving the breakfast-room, Mrs. Williams said to her little girl, "Come up stairs, Hettie; I wish to talk with you a little while." Hettie well understood the subject of the conversation. She could bear it no longer. Bursting into tears, she followed her mamma to her room, and falling upon her knees confessed her fault. The *folly* as well as the *wrong* of such a proceeding was set before her as a mother only could do it. The lesson learned this time lasted the little girl through life. She was never known afterwards to touch any thing her mamma had put away. In after-life she often referred to the broken china, and when she did, she was sure to mention what she suffered from trying to take *one* peach *which did not belong to her*. L.

THE LITTLE LESSON.

"Mamma, I little, and I want a little verse big as I," said the youngest, seeing his older sisters and brothers studying their Sabbath lessons.

Mamma called him by her side, and she taught him this: "Jesus, Master, have mercy on me;" but when he learned it by heart, he said, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on *I*." It is a precious little prayer for every child, both small and great.

After that he asked for one more, and his mother said, "Christ is all in all;" and the little boy repeated, "Christ is all in all."

In these two short sentences this mother gave to her darling what would be worth more to him than silver or gold. Luke 13:17; Col. 3:11.

HONESTY OF THE RIGHT STAMP.

A lad once wanted a sheet of paper, and thought he would supply himself from the desk of his grandfather, who, at the time, had an office under the government.

"What are you doing there?" asked the old man.

"Getting a sheet of paper, sir."

"Put it back, sir, put it back; that paper belongs to the United States government."

For The Child's Paper.

Moses had a new trowel, and wanted to try it. Mary wanted to try it also. Mary sometimes bothered her brother by following him when he had rather go alone, and asking questions which he did not wish to answer. Mary did not mean to be in his way, only she was occasionally, and then he was apt to speak in a tone which hurt her feelings. "Moses, Moses," cried Mary. He did not directly answer. "Moses," she cried, "why don't you speak?" "I was counting ten," he answered gently. "What for?" she asked; "have you dug up ten worms, I wonder."

"Because The Child's Paper says, 'Count ten if you are in danger of speaking an angry or hasty word, and that will give you time to think.' I am often hasty to you, Mary, and I want to correct myself."

"I know a better way," said the little girl humbly. "I go and tell Jesus, and he helps me."

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

Oh, cradle me on thy knee, mamma,
And sing me that holy strain
Which soothed me last, as you fondly pressed
My glowing cheek to your loving breast,
For I saw a scene when I went to rest
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,
And weep as you then did weep;
Then fix on me your loving eye,
And gaze and gaze till the tear be dry;
Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh,
Till you lull me fast to sleep:

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on your knee;
I lived in a land where forms divine,
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,
And the world I'd give, if the world was mine,
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed in a wood, mamma,
We rested under a bough,
When near me a butterfly flaunted in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide,
And the night came on and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew chill with fear, mamma,
And I loudly called for thee,
When a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,
And she flung back the locks of her golden hair,
And she kissed me so sweetly ere I was aware,
Saying, "Come, pretty babe, with me."

My tears and my fears she beguiled, mamma,
And she led me far away;
We entered the door of the dark, dark tomb,
Then passed through its long, long vault of gloom,
Then opened our eyes in a world of bloom,
And sky of cloudless day.

I mingled with the heavenly throng, mamma,
With cherub and seraphim fair,
And I saw, as we roved through the region of bliss,
The spirits that came from the world's wilderness,
And there was the joy no tongue can express,
For they knew no sorrow there.

Do you think of that poor old man, mamma,
Who came and called at our door,
When the night was dark and the storm was loud,
And his heart was weak and his form was bowed,
And his ragged old mantle became his shroud,
Ere the midnight watch was o'er?

He was in glory too, mamma,
As safe as the blest could be;
He needed no alms in that land of light,
For he walked with patriarchs clothed in white,
And no seraph there had a crown more bright
Or a costlier robe than he.

Let me go again to that land, mamma,
While slumbering on your knee;
I would live in a land where forms divine
In the kingdom of glory eternally shine,
And the world I'd give, if the world was mine,
Again that land to see.

GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

Bees are geometricians. They build the largest-sized cells with the least waste of room and wax. The beaver is an architect, builder, and wood-cutter. He cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engineer. He not only builds houses, but aqueducts and drains to keep them dry. Wasps are paper-manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk-spinners. The squirrel is a ferryman. With a chip for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses rivers. Dogs and wolves are hunters. The black bear and heron are fishermen. The ants are day-laborers. The nautilus is a navigator. He raises and lowers his sails, casts and weighs anchor, and makes long voyages. The torpedo and electric eel are electricians. The ant maintains a standing army, while whole tribes of birds are musicians.

For The Child's Paper.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

A young soldier was shot on the battle-field, and dragged by a comrade aside to die. He shut his eyes, and all his past life flashed before him. It seemed but an instant of time. He looked forward and saw *eternity*, like a great gulf, ready to swallow him up, with his sins as so many weights sinking him deeper and deeper.

Suddenly a lesson which his pious mother taught him when a little boy at her knee, stood before him in shining letters. It was a lesson he heard repeated again and again and again; she was never tired of imprinting it on his memory before she died; it was her only legacy. In the gayety of life he had forgotten it. He had lost his hold on it, but it had never quite lost its hold on him; and now, in this hour of peril, it threw out to him a rope of mercy. What was it? "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life."

He caught the rope; it seemed let down from heaven. "Lord, I believe," he cried; "save me, or I perish!"

Till he died, a few hours after, he said little but this one prayer: "Lord, I believe; save me, or I perish!" a prayer never uttered by the penitent soul in vain.

That was a lesson worth more than all the gold of earth.

For The Child's Paper.

WATER, WATER.

Remember the poor dumb animals, especially in our cities and towns, and see that they are not suffering for water. A little girl once seeing a poor sheep drop down through fatigue, ran for a basin of water. The drover was beating the poor sheep, and vainly trying to make it go. The little girl soon approached, kindly saying, "Poor thing, it wants a drink." She stooped down and gave the sheep the refreshing water. In a few minutes the poor creature's strength revived, and after patting its head, it got up and went on its way quite briskly. It wanted *water*.

A noble working horse was nearly fainting one sultry day from thirst. A boy in his shirt-sleeves came out of a neighboring factory, and as his eye caught sight of the outstretched tongue of the panting animal, he quickly turned round, saying, "Poor fellow, I'll fetch him some water," and soon came back with a bucketful, giving the horse a good drink. God bless the boy.

A *drink of cold water!* Oh what a blessing it is to the thirsty. It is a little thing to give, but a great comfort to have.

A policeman searching a boy's pocket for stolen property, found two boxes and a pipe. At the close of the investigation before the Lord Mayor of London, he said he did not wish to destroy the boy's character; "but," he added, turning to the lad's mother, "if you feel an interest in your boy, take away his pipe and tobacco, otherwise they will bring him into mischief. If a boy came to me to be hired as a clerk, and I found in his pocket a pipe and tobacco-box, I would not engage him."

A poor man who fell into bad habits, on being rescued, reformed, and converted, often spoke of himself as a "brand plucked from the burning."

"What do you mean by that?" asked one of his former associates. "Come, go with us and have one more drink."

"Look here," answered the man, "you know there is a great difference between a brand and a green stick. If a spark falls on a brand that has been partly burnt, it will soon catch fire again. Not so with a green stick. I tell you I am that brand plucked out of the fire, and I dare not venture into the way of temptation, for fear of being *set on fire again.*"

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

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